
THREE WARNINGS

TO

JOHN BULL,

&c. &c.



THREE WINGS

JOHN BULL

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TO

JOHN BULL *K.*

BEFORE HE DIES.

BY

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE OF THE PUBLIC.

In seventeen hundred and sixty, 'tis written,
All strife and contention shall cease in Great Britain.

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THREE WARNINGS

TO

JOHN BULL

BEFORE HE DIES

BY THE RESISTANCE OF THE PRESS

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THREE WARNINGS,

&c. &c.

THE two foolish lines which I have taken for a motto were printed in the almanacks of King William and Queen Anne's reign, when the hazardous prediction seemed little likely to prove true. It was accomplished however; and in the year 1760, when the great William Pitt, father to this present Mr. Pitt, was minister to George II. grandfather to this present King George III., there was no dispute in the House of Commons, except whether our success was owing to our unanimity, or our unanimity to our success. This was John Bull's happy time, his wedding day; like that of farmer Dobson in the story which old Sir Charles Wager used to tell over a bottle with good seaman's waggery:

and which was afterwards put into verse by one of our writing ladies. For ruin had stared us in the face *then*, just as Death drew the bridegroom on one side in the tale; and the farmer made a compromise with him to wait a while, and he would be ready next time he called, making no farther objections. Upon which Death gave his word that the pleasures of the day should be no farther interrupted; promising beside that the master of the house should have three warnings before he came again. But the farmer forgot his visitant when once out of sight, and went on in his usual course till after about 50 years were past, the same spectre stood before him again.

You keep your promise finely, quoth old Dobson. I have received no warnings at all, and here you are in my house already.

What, are you stout upon your legs yet, farmer? says his old acquaintance.

No truly, not stout at all; I have been lame some years.

But your sight, replies the other, is keen still, ha?

Not to boast of; these easterly winds have blinded me quite, I think.

And how goes it with your hearing?

Why, to say truth, that was lost long ago.

Oh, then, (cries Death) you are lame, and deaf, and blind: you have had your three sufficient warnings, so let me hear no more excuse, but come along, you old dog, do.

Here ends the seaman's story; and here will, without strict attention, end the story of *who ought to rule the seas*—John Bull.

When Ruin gave Great Britain the reprieve in 1760, a wise man had just shewn, how all was ready to drop on us unprepared—We listened to him, and bought up his book, and run after all he said, just as the fine folks do now to the Bishop of Lon-

don's lectures. And what did he say?—
Why, he gave us *Three Warnings*: and
said if we did not resolve upon shewing

AN UNANIMOUS SPIRIT OF ASSISTING
GOVERNMENT,

A JUST AND MANLY REGARD FOR OUR
ESTABLISHED RELIGION,

AND AN IMMEDIATE AMENDMENT IN
OUR MANNERS,

we must be undone.—And what has happened since? Why, nothing but forgetfulness of our adviser. The accumulated ruin is grown heavier since he wrote; and now, stretching over our heads, hangs in full sight of all—a dreadful shade. The threats are upon every side more formidable; the crush more difficult either to prevent or to escape. But how stand we with regard to our three warnings, now similar and far superior danger is returned? returned too, when our constitution, enfeebled by age, and battered by various enemies, requires immense recruits both to its strength and skill. And first, have we shewn

AN UNANIMOUS ASSISTANCE TO OUR
GOVERNMENT?

That admirable form of government which in itself unites the perfections of every other form: where King, Lords, and Commons, subsist in one another, by one another, through one another—like fire, water, and air. *I believe not.* Our blockheads have for ever been disputing which of these three should have the pre-eminence, and that is the sure way to ruin all: for when the zealous friends to fire take away water that it may reign alone, it reigns no more; because water gives cohesion and power of warming: when the water is all burned out of the fuel, the wood and coal turn to ash. By the same rule, if the partizans of water take all air from it, it stagnates and stinks: and so will air if there be no fire to rarefy it; from *water*, *air* is generated, and evaporates—take away the liquid, and the fluid follows of course. 'Tis the same with our three estates: each is necessary and indispensable to the other; and he who would *reform* all by taking any away, ruins the whole at once.

Some unphilosophical fellows indeed pretended to find out a while ago, that our House of Commons was nothing but a mere court of delegates, men bound to obey whom they were chosen to command. In such case the members would become the actors, masks, and mouthpieces of the mob—*personæ* in the classical sense—but nothing more. But surely a British House of Commons is no such mass of beggary as this: they can condemn their own constituents to kneel down at the bar of their own house, and beg pardon for committing insults on their dignity much s lighter than promulgating these doctrines: and whenever they do make any man beg pardon, it must necessarily be a constituent to some of them.

This is rational; for if the mastership of Eton or Westminster School was put to the vote to-morrow, soon as the favourite usher was elected, they must be contented to obey him I suppose; and the most zealous canvasser among them would, if caught two months after in a mutiny, be justly flogged.

If then it is adjudged a libel on the House of Commons to say they are branches of the monarchical tree, 'tis more libellous to call them mere suckers from the democratical stump, after the tree is cut down.

With regard to the Lords, their house is the reward of merit, the seat of honour, of which our king is the fountain and head.

In these three great estates our government resides; and since what was taken from one department has been given to another, till all are intimately and closely united, giving an equal balance to the whole, this government must be supported—must be obeyed—and to this government, mixed as it is, resistance is rebellion. For limited monarchy we know, limited aristocracy we understand, and limited democracy we saw lately in Switzerland: but *limited government* is a contradiction in terms. Without power to enforce obedience, Chesterfield tells you, there is no government; and place the sceptre of authority where you will, it must be obeyed—Let him who bears it, like

Louis XVI., once lay it down, it turns to a serpent in an instant, like Aaron's rod, and he who wielded it flies from before its face. Have we shewn an unanimous spirit to support this sceptre, and to keep this poisonous serpent's form from being seen? Have we preserved our pyramid entire from the firm basis to the princely point? Or have we rather taken up the idea from the philosophers in famed Laputa, building the house downwards, and projecting to place vagabonds at the top, nobles at bottom? remembering the old Joe Miller's Jest, perhaps—How does the pot boil *now*, my lord? Faith, Sir, as *you* would wish it—the scum uppermost.

Let the constitution alone—preserve it as it is, revere, support, obey it, touch it not. When the French fools tried to reform and quack their own, what did they? Instead of letting blood in the *safe* vein, they stabbed it in the temporal artery, and fierce convulsions followed.

Listen not to the excitements of those men who instigate John Bull to his un-

doing: false friends, who mean to mount upon the people's shoulders, whence better to strike at the king's head: have a care of them. Their song about liberty and equality is the Syren's song; to follow it is death.

'Twas thus the pied piper that we read of, seduced the men of Halberstadt or Ham-melen: standing in the square, he piped first all the rats away, and that was so fine a thing—the magistrates begged of him to pipe again; and so he did; and then he piped the children all away: and with the last set of fools that he infatuated, the piper himself went away into a hollow cave,—its mouth closed, and they came out no more. Such will be the fate of our street orators, or like it. But let us rather remember the wise man's warnings, and not suffer these half-hatched notions to be presented so before the public, who ought not to be fed with addle eggs; as if in its dotage, and unable to discern good food. Let us assist government unanimously with hand, heart, and purse; there is no time to lose: let who will be minister, assist him,

and not clog the wheels of the state coach *now*, when the road is heavy enough without putting on a drag-chain.

And what harm has *this* minister done us after all? whose ox has he taken? as the prophet Samuel said in his own vindication—or whose ass? His coadjutors in the ministry—what have they done? they have laid on heavy taxes, is the reply; they can do nothing without your representatives' consent. Oh, but he purchases their consent. Why then do you chuse men that will be purchased? there have been new parliaments called since Pitt was minister: is it probable, or possible, he has purchased them *all*? surely he must possess the mines of Golconda to compensate the consent they have given for *taxing of themselves*. In these late assessments particularly, the weight falls chiefly, if not wholly, on the members, or on those who are ambitious to be members of parliament. Care has been taken not to touch the poor; the richest men bear the heaviest burdens; and loudly as you may like to exclaim against our present minister, our present houses,

both of Lords and Commons, thus much I will aver, contradict me who can ; if such a measure as this last had been adopted by the old republics of Greece or Rome, our ears would have been stunned by the echo of its excellence, for two or three thousand years ; our boys would have been set to construe and parse it, and our school girls to translate it into bad French *for tasks*. But ungrateful Englishmen, ever discontented with a country and a constitution that delights while it creates envy in all other powers, encourage their insolent neighbours to assail them, by finding fault with all that's done at home, as surly husbands, expressing cold dislike of what their wives do with intent to oblige them, give confidence to the seducing visitant, colonel or counsellor, who quickly tries to make himself agreeable, and soon succeeds too well.

If by these late assessments, however, the poor, in spite of patriotism, are grieved ; if fewer watches are worn, fewer coaches kept, fewer liveries made, &c., let them confess that rich and noble individuals are

benefits, and not incumbrances, to a state: let the fight of such truths, at least, tend to confute Tom Paine, who told us that wealth and honourable distinctions were a nuisance; and tried to take reward from excellence, and lustre from virtue. Was it remembering our wise man's admonition, and did we unanimously assist our government, when, running mad after Paine's new-broached nonsense, we gave him courage to say kings might be *cashiered*, when those they were born to command chose to obey no longer? I read in some book, not very long ago, that absolute princes ruled in their districts like an English husband in his house, without control, and with acknowledged authority; whilst limited monarchs swayed by influence a willing people, as wives in France, where nothing's done without them. This may run well enough for ought I know; but Paine seems to have made a mere *kept-mistress* of monarchy, to feed for pleasure, and dismiss from weariness: a place *durante bene placito*. Britons! let's hope you are already weary of empty sounds and false positions; the time

of serious earnest is at hand—Ruin returns and claims his destined prey—protests you disregarded his first warning, that you have *lamed* yourselves by doing so. Let us examine, now, the state of your eye-sight—have you preserved and shewn

A JUST AND MANLY REGARD FOR OUR
ESTABLISHED RELIGION?

or is it not well known that the decay of such regard has, since our reprieve in 1760, been most rapid? a very short time after that period, the admiration of our island was directed towards a man, who openly professed infidelity; but whom our *foolish* fellows delighted to follow, because he taught them to cry Liberty; and our *cunning* fellows found out that he was an useful member of society, so long as he continued a thorn in the king's side. Though meant for a man of wit and pleasure about town only—fraud, force, and folly, all combined to render him an illustrious character; and he served for a show—like the Panorama in Leicester Fields—a paltry picture enough, but hung in so excellent a

light, that it makes an incomparable *deception*. Here, indeed, the parallel fails ; for Lawrence and Opie have more wit than study, design, and colouring, at the Panorama ; but our youths of fashion, our future representatives, our grave statesmen, studied the never-thought-on creed of this their hero, and promoted irreligion, because W—— was a favourite, and W—— had no religion at all.

Our next promoter of the infidel scheme, more finical in his accoutrements, although wearing the livery of the same master, the uniform of the same general, contributed exceedingly to the sapping religious foundations ; *a worthy pioneer* as Shakespear says : yet, keeping still beyond the vulgar's reach, the mischief that he did was less extensive. Mankind had seen such men as he before, although perhaps few have come forward with such polished armour, shining and elegant to fight—but brittle to the touch, and quickly worn out by time. Let us confess, however, that these writers, while they prepared the way for present guilt, knew not the horrors that followed at their

heels. Gibbon's nicety would have shrunk affrighted from the daring wickedness of Weishaupt; and the foul frolickers of voluptuous Medmenham would have blushed at hearing the crimes of Condorcet, and flatly refused to enter the murky recesses of our modern Hierophant, or subscribe to his *Mystic Union*.

Nor let my gentle readers set down this as a mere sick man's dream, or baseless vision of some old solitary and superannuated student, lamenting faults which never were committed, and deprecating distress that never will be near. The hand that presents this pamphlet to the public has turned over the pages of iniquitous information with an intent to publish and translate them, and has been restrained by one consideration only—Where the small pox has been lately imported to new countries, inoculation tends only to spread the disease, —best quelled by diligent endeavours to avoid it.—Should the distemper spread, a rough abridgement of the Abbè Barruel's useful book will inform all our countrymen and women of their danger.—Our

women of their danger! exclaims some one, yes. The females are engaged, enlisted as seducers to bring *us* over to these curst opinions. The first consummate evil, and the last, are to be presented us by woman—Eve or Pandora! from her fatal hand, has Satan sent us the infernal present—she was the first Illuminée upon record: restless in curiosity as then, she *now* lends her assistance to the sinful project, and forwards the growth of that great poisonous tree, the very shade of which kills all who rest in it.

Was it for *this* that her Redeemer raised, restor'd her to her lost rank in the scale of creation, and showed that he *abhorr'd not the virgin's womb?* and is it thus that we remember the *warnings* of prudence, and

MAINTAIN A JUST AND MANLY REGARD
FOR OUR ESTABLISHED RELIGION!

When we let go the firm anchor of hope, fixed fast in the rock of eternity—at the soft touch, and to obtain the favour of a fair Illuminée?

Shame! shame the while on such unsteady principles. No: let the women, if they feel ability—resolve to brave the storms of human life, without expecting the reward of fortitude: let them sink, as soon they will, into mere toys of pleasure for the men; and crouch, with counterfeited smiles, for bread, to souls beneath their own.—When these new Doctrines, levelling all Distinction, shall confer power upon *corporeal* advantages alone; and leave the dispensation of what shall then be left to dispense—in rough and brutal hands.

The games called *Omophagia* in ancient mythology, will be the games revived by modern atheism; 'twas in those games they once devour'd *raw flesh*; and twisted living serpents round their bodies, while their mouths, *blood besmeared*, gave name to their society. Arnobius tells us of those horrid mysteries; but adds, that women fled from the filthy rite: Montfaucon (but he was a *Frenchman*) says they joined in it. Will *British* ladies patronise the *Omophagia*?

Once more, let not this retrospect of

warnings long since given, be deemed a vapour springing from enthusiastic heat, relating or supposing impossibilities.

A friend I saw last week witnessed at Brussels the killing of a calf on the high altar of the cathedral, and saw the officers of the French army draw the communion table from its place, and play at dice upon it in the church, upon a summer evening for amusement. These enormities their bold Adherents call conquest of vulgar prejudices,—*gigantic shadows*; and, by enuring eyesight to such objects, they cure us, as a starting horse is cured of flying from what he once thought monstrous or terrifying. But Tronchin, the physician, was not cured: his profession led him to the death bed of one of these Illuminated gentleman, whose struggles between early-planted hope in Christ, and long-continued efforts to deride his doctrine, rendered the sight of his strong agonies intolerable; and drove the scar'd physician from the room.

Oh then for pity's sake drive far from

us the unhallowed books which contain these vile precepts, the perilous promoters of the mystic union. We know that it exists—we know their signs; their cowardly insignia, too, is known—The ribbon tricolor encaged in white—pretending itself emblematic of equality, as white is the privation of all hues,—or else the final amalgamation of them all: but I believe the white case worn in this country is chiefly to conceal that French attachment to anarchy and atheism, which they are afraid to wear in public.

The Proofs of a conspiracy are notorious; Mr. Robison has left us *no* doubts—Abbé Barruel has left *them* no subterfuges; let them come out now *in uniform* like the Irish rebels, and we will give a good account of them.

But 'tis time to confess that our Islands are infected—The *easterly* winds, as Dobson said, have almost *blinded us*: they bring a blight upon their wings—the Insect borne upon such gales is fatal, and blasts the best endeavours of our friends.

Have we, at least, observed the last injunction, and did we after the year 1760 make an

IMMEDIATE AMENDMENT OF OUR MANNERS ?

So far as the accusation of effeminacy goes, 'tis thought *we did* make amendment ; Dr. Johnson's Travels to the Hebrides covered Scotland with plantations ; and Brown's estimate excited Britain to the exertion of a *manly* spirit : the trees are young indeed, and the exertion momentary, and a late excellent writer accuses us of weakness and perfidiousness shewn in that empty eagerness for peace which Lord Malmesbury carried with him to the congress at Lisle. So much for our effeminate indolence *as a nation*.—The individuals, secure in round hat and overalls, imagine themselves out of the reach of Censure for *this* vice ; yet Brown says that if the women increase in boldness, *that* proves the men are turning soft and womanish. What, then, would he have thought of this last winter, when not the opera dancers only—no, nor the

Ladies of quality who imitate them ; but the fat oilman's slippery daughter, and the dry falter's lean and shrivelled wife, alike exposed their unregarded nakedness to the men's eye ; who ran disgusted from them to the doll shop, and bought wax bosoms for the next fine ball.

Of selfishness, which Brown accused us of, we have in some degree wiped out the stain : altho' the author of a pamphlet called " Considerations upon the state of public " affairs," shews clearly that no other quality than selfishness can excite clamours against continuing a war which nothing but defeat or victory can finish—that no quality but indolence can tempt us to lie down, when certain that we shall not be suffered to sleep.

The cries of individuals against the assess'd taxes afford another proof of selfishness : he who works at the pump to bring our ship home safe, is selfish, if he laments that share of labour by which the security of hundreds is promoted.—

But there are other vices. Let us enquire of the Ecclesiastical courts; *they* live by public prosperity and private worthlessness; if ever England was till these last years polluted by domestic guilt, or shameless in the records on't—as now. The increase of adultery *uses* has been from the year 1760 to this day, in a proportion (so a proctor told me) of sixty to sixteen. In things less criminal, the rage for pleasure and thoughtless dissipation,—the increase is greater still; our Theatres are enlarged every winter, and tho' the price be raised the throng is thickened. Decency revolts at the apparent desire for a croud in females—who contemn even those diversions which they haunt, wishing no higher happiness than an accidental squeeze from fellows who would wish to avoid them.

Ad ruborem sed non *ad sudorem*, say the physicians, concerning exercise; let us say the same of recreation for Heaven's sake, and let the *blush* come early. Atlas himself was weary, tho' his burden was celestial; and the camel rises when he has his full load: but our untired bearing the fatigue

of hunting amusement would astonish the youth in other countries, who mingle their pleasure, or rather their idea of it, with inattentive listlessness; not restless activity: They idly sip the lemonade of life; we strangle our own souls, by hastily pouring down the coarse whisky, which we deem the cordial to our spirits—I will not, however, offend by falsehood whilst I am inculcating virtue.

Were we (which we are not) to be judged by comparison, our Island's morality might be advantageously set against that of France, Spain, or Italy.

Satan catches souls by an angle in our country I confess; whilst in those he uses a drag net: but the favourable circumstances that surround Great Britain make her guilt great in proportion to her advantage.

We have the Holy Scriptures in our common mother tongue, which they have not. We have early instruction, which they have not. Our commonest shop-keeper in our provincial towns, nay and

his wife, and son, and daughter, can all read their own history, can all write a good hand ; nor was there a *Dame Spirituelle* in or about the court of France, when it fell, whose letter would have been penned with correctness, or just spelling, fit to be seen, much less compared with that of a boarding-school girl in England when turned of twelve years old. And is it not phrenzy, then, to follow our own inferiors to perdition ? to let our form of government, our establish'd religion, our system of morality, be chosen for us by those who have called the dry rot into that wretched fabric which they formed upon the smoking remains of their burnt-down constitution,—who have derided the cross of Christ, and spurned his holy sacraments ? Who have encouraged promiscuous amours rather than marriage, robbery instead of justice, and who are proud of giving to all Europe an example of broken promises and violated faith—people who murder their sovereign, massacre their priests, profane their altars, and insult their God. This seems, perhaps, exaggerated painting ; figures not formed from nature, but mere fancy ; statues with

many muscles prominent, as in the Farnese Hercules, and in those fine colossal pictures formed for study by the great artists of antiquity. *It is not so*: authentic annals of the French Convention surpass all weak imaginative fallies of our confined ideas of their guilt. Where Satan's standard beaming to a distance from the famed palace of great Lucifer attracts the astonished eyes of frightened Europe,—or where his hierophants in horrid cells howl the dark orgies of their mystic union—where at their gay repast, or tricked-out theatre, the scorers laugh, the ladies' approbation gild the green laurel that adorns some bust of authors late applauded—*There* might we learn, that all the acts we tremble at the bare recital of, are seriously approved by the Parisian legislature, and celebrated by writers who promote the cause of vice: till

Encourag'd thus, wit's Titans brave the skies,
And the press groans with licens'd blasphemies.

Britons! be wise, take warning yet again!
The tempest rushes on; it roars thro' the

no-longer classical ruins of Italy, and drives sharply piercing over the glaciers of Switzerland: checked by no principle, stopt by no power, French impulse, (energy *they* call it), French ambition knows no bounds: like hot Vesuvius, rolling its torrent of fire to the Sea, where it must of necessity be quenched, they pour along: all that once lay collected in themselves, all that they have torn from the neighbouring plains and villages; a fused mass of heterogeneous particles: may they, like that, be finally lost in Ocean; that throwing round us his protecting arms, invites, defies them to assault.

If we will be good, if, altho' late, we will at length be *warned*, will lend

UNANIMOUS ASSISTANCE TO OUR GOVERNMENT,

WILL SHEW A JUST AND MANLY REGARD
FOR OUR ESTABLISHED RELIGION,
AND AN IMMEDIATE AMENDMENT IN
OUR MANNERS,

They may, like Pharaoh, follow our

Heaven-defended fleets into the water, but they will perish there, as he did.

From this division of the little work into three heads, from its small size, and various Scripture Allusions, my sagacious readers will soon feel persuaded that the three warnings to John Bull before he dies is written by a Parson—Well! No matter who 'tis written by; the writer expects, and can receive, no compensation for this slight effort to awaken the Country—no living, nor no deanery, is at hand—No smiles of Ministers, no Court preferment: 'Tis an effusion of pure British Loyalty, unpaid by past regard, hopeless of future favour; but 'tis not of myself, but of my Country, I would speak. Each individual now begins to feel what hitherto we have but been talking of; that private concerns are swallowed in public ones; that every man's immediate wellbeing, his property, his person, his importance in the scale of humanity, is at stake. Our brothers will revile, our sons despise us, if at this moment we are cold and sluggish. The crisis is at hand; but let

us not be magnetized by French charlatanerie; let not the crisis be a sleepy stupor.

The *Anticrusaders* are coming; let them find us armed and ready for defence; let them find us disgusted rather than terrified, to see their General,

. He whose fable Arms
Black as his purpose did the night resemble,
Now turn'd to Red, in Heraldry more dismal,
Till he is total Gules: horridly trickt
With blood of Fathers, Daughters, Mothers, Sons;
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To their King's Murder.

The *Infidels* are coming. Let them find us steady to support that cross with which we were mark'd in Baptism: that Banner under which our sponsors swore that we should be ready to fight. The *Plunderers*, the violators of promise and of property are coming, let them find us rooted in integrity... Let us act by them with *justice*, and avenge all Europe's cause: severity not lenity is justice; striking soft in a battle is prolonging the combat. Virgil tells us that when bees swarm in the air, if two armies of them meet together, a furious battle ensues, but

throw some dust on them, and they will be quiet enough.

Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt.

The *Hornets* we have to contend with must be quieted after the same manner, *cover them with dust*, till then they will not be at peace. Men have lamented our loss of allies; I grieve that the French have succeeded, and I grieve that the combined armies were defeated; but I rejoice that we have (as they phrase it) lost our allies. It has been always a maxim, in war, that jealousy between coalesced princes and their troops injure a cause, more than the additional numbers strengthen it. The King of Naples will defend himself better, single, than if Spain helped him; the King of England will protect his own dominions better than when his neighbours pretended to assist him. Treachery or interest divide a combination; let us each, severally, shield our own country from invasion, and let us, in particular, rejoice over that insulated situation, which renders such an insult nearly, if not wholly, impracticable

on Old England. Livy says, that when the Roman and Carthaginian armies met to decide the empire of the world, the shouting of the Romans was most long and terrible, because their voices were alike, and toned in unison, whilst the enemy, composed of a mixed multitude, shouting in various dialects and tones, a dissonance, and yet a faintness was produced, that boded ill even at the commencement of the battle.

Let all our shoutings be *in unison*: when the Æqui and Volsci invaded the Roman territories, even factious tribunes forbore their founding quarrels concerning the Rights of Man, and aided the executive government; when Xerxes threatened to overrun Greece, the rival leaders joined their hands, and personal pique was lost in patriotic endeavours to resist the common enemy.

Not so the deliberation ended, which was held about six weeks ago at one of our opposition dinners, when a proposal was made to go down to the House, in a body,

with resolution of renouncing animosities, and supporting the general interest of a country endangered by their selfish and ambitious feuds. No, No, was the reply ! let the French come, It will shake *Pitt in his seat*. A worthy determination, a wise reason, for setting freedom and property, and life and honour, at hazard—that they may *shake Pitt in his seat*.

I well remember when we were babies, and put to play together in what was thought a safe place ; one of our companions disgusted the rest, by resolutely sitting fast in the middle ; the others tried to move him, but in vain : at last we set some feathers burning in a closet close to us, and alarmed our parents with a cry of fire—my mother fell in fits—and one of us, to sooth her, said, don't be frightened, mama, we only did it to get Georgee out of his place, and cure him of the hiccups.

No wiser are the men who trifle with their own, their friends', their neighbours', safety, and set all Europe in a flame, that must, of necessity, consume all parties.

Pitt will *have no seat to sit in*, and his opponents will find none for themselves,—no ground to stand on whence to *shake Pitt's seat*, when all is blazing round. Do they hope Workſop, Wooburn will be ſpared? Will the eloquence and ſoft voice of its owner ſave Bow Wood?

Admires the jay the infect's gilded wings?

Or hears the hawk when Philomela ſings?

The birds of prey are upon wing—The fierce marauders are approaching: let them find us *warned*, and waiting their embarkation.

I am not among thoſe who deſpiſe the enemy, and ſay that they want force becauſe they want money—vultures and wolves are not leſs dangerous—but more ſo from being hungry. They have been fed, not gorged, by their Italian plunder; it ſharpens appetite for freſh attack. The infatuated ſtates of Genoa and Venice, by their ſtrange cowardice, betrayed the continent, and gave them courage to proceed ſo far.

Envious of each other's greatness, and meanly jealous of their own government, a few empty-headed nobles, in order to spite their competitors for power, threw every thing into the arms of France. It has been ever so with Italian politics.— When a more civilized and generous invader drove Christianity from Constantinople, Mahomet II. could not, though renowned in war, have gained his point, had not the allied princes within the walls disputed for that superiority which the Greek Emperor was not likely to have long in his power to bestow. But the Genoese said, they would not fight to enrich the proud Venetians; the latter would not defend a sovereign who to them preferred the inhabitants of fraudulent Genoa; so the Turk was master of the whole, and gave their congregated powers to be plundered, taking the sons and daughters of his rival foes, and *reconciling* them by general reduction to slavery and sorrow.

'Tis thus all Europe will be again ground down by the sudden impulse and levity of the French, whose whirling mill triturates

all mankind into a truly *impalpable* powder, leaving no sensation of its existence to the touch. Giddy with their height, and confounded by their own rapidity, these modern Aeronauts, like Phaeton of old, will, without doubt, provoke the Lord of Heaven to plunge them headlong in the gasping waters, and save creation from final overthrow. Who knows but England is the land appointed where shall be checked their impious career? Placed in the happy medium, our establishments nor tend to bigotry and despotism on the one hand, nor reel towards atheism and anarchy on the other. Our knowledge diffused, our riches not concentrated, the glory of Old England is that mediocrity which suits her temperate zone—her balanced climate; her power circulating through every member of her healthful constitution. Peter and John, the brothers of our blood, have in these late rough contests suffered sorely.—The Romish Church has had her heart torn out, and bitten by these relentless madmen. Calvin's followers in Holland and Geneva now are forced to pull their hats off at Reason's altar. But, although one has

often injured, the other annoyed him, Martin's fraternal bosom feels for both, protects their emigrants, and soothes their sorrows.

It is observable, no Lutheran state has hitherto been touched by this strange pestilence. It has passed over Saxony, it has not reached Denmark : England yet lives, lives insulated among her dearest connections : no test act has been repealed, no tythes abolished. *L'Eglise Anglicane* tender, though firm, and tolerating, though peculiar ; to singularity in opinion joins universality of excellence :—and against this catholic, for catholic means *universal*, church, I hope and pray, and in God humbly trust, the gates of hell, and all the dæmons issuing out of them, shall not prevail.

Let us not be cast down ; *the righteous is as bold as a lion*, saith Holy Writ : but let us then be righteous, nor neglect the warnings of our preachers and our writers. Of Arthur Young's Abstract of that admirable pamphlet called “ The Example

“ of France a Warning to Britain,” 2500 copies yet remain unfold. Why are not they disseminated with as much diligence as the impious crudities of Tom Paine? Why are not Peter Porcupine’s useful, I might say inestimable, books, in every shop, in every farmer’s house, in every servants’ hall, throughout Great Britain? And why is Watson’s Address read, and then thrown aside? These are the works which should be got by heart: these are the things which save us if we *are* saved: these are the boasts of England. When the king had been sick, and recovered from his long illness, in 1788, the farthing candle on the cobbler’s stall shewed equal loyalty to Lord Hopeton’s beautiful illumination. Our bloody buoy and bone to gnaw, will do as much good as the Judge Ashhurst’s incomparable charge perhaps, or the Bishop of London’s lectures. *Docti indocti* was a folly once, ’tis now a duty. Those who cannot fight must write for their country: *all* must join, all must agree

UNANIMOUSLY TO SUPPORT OUR GOVERNMENT, evince

A JUST AND MANLY REGARD FOR OUR
ESTABLISHED RELIGION, and make
AN IMMEDIATE AMENDMENT IN OUR
MANNERS.

Let the *Opposition* find itself deserted, and let the congregation act as the Hebrews were commanded to act in the case of Korah and his associates, the first formidable *Opposition* upon record; when Moses said to them, Depart, I pray you, from the tents of these wicked men, and touch nothing of theirs, lest ye be consumed in their sin. And what was their sin? Seditious meetings, murmurs against the executive power, seducing the Lord's people from their duty, and putting notions of liberty and equality in their heads. Every person who has been to church to-day heard the story, and I doubt not but many will make the application.

Let us take the warnings given us by the good, or by the wise: Nicholas Machiavelli is acknowledged to be of the latter class only: yet *he* says in his political dis-

courses, that those men deserve most praise from *this* world who fortify the citadel of religion, and lay with strength and solidity the key-stone of good government. We all know that they will be best accepted in the *next* world; whence the scoffer and the scorner shall be excluded, those particularly who, as St. Peter says, “promise
“ men liberty, while they themselves are
“ servants of corruption.”

But though danger does approach, I will yet have hopes; though ruin is at the door, we may yet keep it out. I remember the old speeches of King George II. refounded always with the same words *unanimity* and *dispatch*. He obtained his purpose certainly; and in the great, the immortal William Pitt, enjoyed the conscious triumph of possessing a minister who was surrounded by unanimity, preceded only by dispatch, and followed by victory with eagles' wings.

Let us with gratitude remember the name, and rally round the man who has

the honour to bear it : and let me a little
descend from my elevation to recommend

*A long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull
altogether !*

FINIS.

11 39 11

the honour to bear it: and let me a little
defend from my elevation to recommend

it long full, and a strong full, and a full
abundant!



W